

LUDLOW STREET JAIL

The Sheriff's Famous Prison in New York City.

ITS GUESTS WELL TREATED.

The inmates wear no uniform and have many privileges. The discipline is quite gentle and the surroundings peaceful and homelike.

Walking through the streets of the equid, noisy east side, the visitor in New York is quite unprepared for the peace and clean homelike which greet him in the sheriff's prison in Ludlow street. Flanked by public school and police court on two sides, the brick building, ornamented with antique iron grill over long windows, resembles a village church or old fashioned hall of learning. The outer clamor does not penetrate its cool cloisters. The struggle for existence is halted at the threshold. But it is not so easy to enter the sheriff's rest establishment. The guard who opens the front door in response to the electric bell eyes the visitor suspiciously, as if the latter might be trying to break into the county haven without proper credentials. The only persons entitled to the privileges of the Ludlow tavern are those in contempt of surrogates and certain other courts, federal bankrupts, delinquent militiamen, execution and judgment debtors and breach of promise and alimony men.

However, the visitor who can prove that he has no sinister purpose is ushered into a cozy parlor fitted with rugs, pictures and piano. Here he meets the warden, who talks freely and simply about his guests. He admits he has never read Lombroso or any other criminologist. What's the use? They don't send felons to this place. The learned observations of penologists do not apply to the inmates of Ludlow tavern. Methods of discipline and reform are superfluous. There are just a few rules, such as obtain in any well regulated hostelry. A guest on arrival has his pedigree taken at the office, is shown up to his sleeping chamber, gets introduced to the gentlemen in the sitting room and is left to his own devices—no uniform, no hair cut, none of the unpleasant features of a common prison. There is, indeed, a genteel search for sharp instruments, keys and knives, as forbidden articles, but there is no confiscation of any other private possessions. A man may bring in all the books, writing material, tobacco, clothes, toilet articles and bric-a-brac that he pleases.

The rising bell rings at 6:30 a. m., and the guests have a chance to wash, shave and make their beds before breakfast, at 8 o'clock. The regular breakfast consists of coffee and rolls, but guests may supplement it with eggs cooked at the hot water tap or may order, at their own expense, an elaborate meal from the menu card of a nearby restaurant. The morning newspapers are at hand, so that guests, while sipping their coffee, may scan headlines and note the progress of events.

After breakfast every one goes into the yard for an hour's exercise. The high brick walls do not bar the sunshine from the yard, which is about sixty feet square and stone flagged around a central grass plot. After the exercise hour the guests repair to a large sitting room and read, study or play poodle, checkers, dominoes and chess. There is a small library of books and magazines. Those who have private stocks of literature exchange their books in a fraternal spirit.

The dinner bell rings at noon. A wholesome stew, a boiled dinner or a plate of fish and potatoes is provided. If this seems too frugal even for cloister life, there is the restaurant menu to fall back on. As a rule, though, the inmates are satisfied with the regular fare. Another hour in the yard, an afternoon spent in the sitting room, after the style of the morning session, and then a supper of bread and tea at 6 o'clock. Two hours later the guests retire to their chambers for the night. They are locked in. It is true, but the obliging guard will open on any reasonable request. There is no rule against talking, and guests may read or write by the light of their own candles until they feel disposed to go to bed.

A genteel routine it is. No one is overcrowded, for, while there are accommodations for a hundred persons, the number of guests is seldom anything like that. The disagreeable monotony of seeing the same faces and hearing the same anecdotes, complained of by arctic travelers, is obviated by the coming and going of inmates. The comfort of guests is pretty well assured by a staff of nine guards and three or four cooks and attendants.

Letters to guests are not opened before delivery, as in common penal institutions. Three days a week are set aside for visitors, but no member of the Alimony club is compelled to see his wife. Once in a long while, however, a member of the fair sex enters the portals as a guest. There was one woman brought to the office in contempt proceedings subsequent on a supplementary inquiry, but the referee held a hearing on the spot, and the woman was discharged with consent of counsel. In former days a male guest charged with breach of promise won freedom by marrying the woman of his choice in the hotel office.—New York Tribune.

What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly.—Paine.

A FROG IN THE POT.

Vexing Days of the Early Tea Tax in New England.

Ten was not brought over by the first settlers. When the pilgrims landed at Plymouth tea was selling in England at from \$10 to \$50 per pound. It was a luxury that had been known to Englishmen only a few years.

Early settlers not along without India or China tea for a long time. They used roots, herbs and leaves found in the fields and woods as a substitute for tea. Sassafras tea was a common drink.

Tea was advertised for sale in Boston in 1702 for the first time, according to historians. In 1703 patriots began to take the pledge not to drink tea because of the tax that the English government placed on it. It became fashionable for patriotic ladies not to serve India tea, but as substitutes therefor "Labrador tea" and "Liberty tea."

Captain Page of Danvers forbade his spouse to taste tea beneath his roof as long as the tax remained upon it, but the strong minded and ingenious lady ascended to the flat roof of the house, invited her friends to follow, and there she served tea to them.

Some other ladies of the town fared less fortunately. They used to borrow for their tea parties the big teapot of the once famous Bell tavern. One day, after drinking the forbidden beverage, the master of the house unexpectedly walked in, jumped to the fire, grabbed the teapot and turned it over, and out rolled a big frog. The jovial patriots at the Bell tavern suspecting the use of the pot had placed the frog in it. Some of the dames never drank tea afterward, for it made them sick.

Isaac Wilson of Penobscot persisted in selling tea, so the Sons of Liberty seized him and compelled him to walk about town penitently repeating:

I, Isaac Wilson, a Tory be;
I, Isaac Wilson, I sell tea.

The celebrated Boston tea party was followed by tea parties in other New England towns. In Salem, soon after the Boston party, David Mason was suspected of having had his negro servant smuggle two chests of tea into his home. Patriots entered and searched his house. They found the tea. They gave it to boys, who paraded with it to Salem common and there burned it.

Even after the Revolution trade in tea was not wholly unrestricted. It appears that in some New England places dealers in tea were required to take out a license.—Boston Globe.

THE HORSE BREAKER.

How He Cured a Valuable Animal of a Bad Habit.

The late Duke of Northumberland once purchased a beautiful and valuable horse, but no sooner had his grace begun to use him than he discovered that the horse had one very bad trick—that of suddenly lying down when his rider was on his back. This could not be endured, so he ordered his servant to get the horse properly broken in, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. Accordingly away went the groom to a celebrated horse breaker in the city of Durham and, without mentioning the animal's particular frailty, left him with a general commission to break him in. The next day the teacher of horses rode out on an experimental trip with the duke's favorite and presently found himself gently rolled upon the soil and the horse by his side, very much at his ease.

"Oh," said the horse breaker, not at all embarrassed, "is that your custom?" So he provided himself the next day with several strong stakes and plenty of sound rope and took the unceremonious steed to a large field adjoining Durham cathedral. Riding round and round, the animal, according to his character, soon stretched himself comfortably, rider and all, on the green sods. Without saying a word the horse breaker, getting up, seized upon his wooden stakes, drove them deep and firm into the ground all around the willful brute and then by means of the rope fastened him down exactly in the position chosen by himself, so that neither legs nor body could stir one inch. Of course after a time the horse was willing to get up, but the teacher was willing he should lie still, and there he kept him with plenty of hay and water within reach, for three days and three nights, himself sitting on his back for most of the time, smoking his pipe. The horse never again lay down with his rider on his back.

The Canny Scot's Sense of Humor.

The reason a Scot does not laugh at a joke right away, says Dean Ramsay, is not, as is the popular fiction, that he is "slow in the uptake," but that the canny man will not commit himself. He must think it over before he donates the exact amount of laughter which the joke deserves. The Scot minister, who is Scotland's common public speaker, is aware, consciously or instinctively, of this trait, and his delivery of an anecdote with a point is a thing of unique art.

Solitude.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "didn't you say that horse you bought has a pedigree?"
"Yes," was the complacent reply.
"Well, knowing how unlucky you are with horses, I consulted a veterinary surgeon. You needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."—Washington Star.

Well Placed.

Bacon—That office seeking friend of yours has landed a job at last.
Egbert—Good! What has he landed?
"He's keeper at the pesthouse."

"Well, he's the right man in the right place. He's the greatest pest I ever knew."—Yonkers Statesman.

KING COAL.

While He Lives His Throne Is Fixed In the United States.

The part played by coal in the world's affairs can well be illustrated by assuming the available supply to be suddenly cut off. The huge railroad systems of America would stop at once. So also would the electric power and lighting in all cities and suburbs. Steamship service would cease everywhere. Transit facilities would be dead. Factories, manufacturing and shops would close down. Industries like steel, iron, copper, etc., would cease. Armies of laborers would be thrown out of work. Malls, schools, the navy, newspapers, foreign and internal trade—all would cease to exist. The trilogy governing commercial advance, heat, light and power, except a negligible amount of water, oil, etc., would be annihilated—all this until some other form of power could be developed. The possibility of such a cataclysm is not imminent, for coal will reign for some time yet and is destined to become a power whose capabilities have as yet been comparatively felt only more faintly than would a feather on the hide of an elephant.

The world needs coal. The United States has that coal to deliver. It will be wholly natural that so potent a necessity will make for continued peace and understanding among the powers of the world.

The coal mines of Europe are sunk about 3,000 feet deep. Coal is still being quarried in the banks of the Ohio, and the mines of Europe are nearing the limit of commercial possibility. The manufacturing supremacy of the old world is passing to the new. Coal is king, and while he lives his throne is fixed forever in the United States.—Metropolitan Magazine.

EARLY CARICATURES.

Quaint Art and Humor of the Ancient Egyptians.

The fables of Aesop prove that the ancients were not without a liking for fun, and the remains of ancient art tell the same story. Examples of artistic humor are more common than is generally supposed.

A drawing on a tile in the New York museum represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian woman of fashion. She is seated languidly on a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject looking tomcat with his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat and a herd of goats by two wolves with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in Turin a papyrus roll that displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place, a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass dressed, armed and accoutered like a pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to which a bull acts as proud conductor. A lion and a gazelle are playing at draughts, a hippopotamus is perched in a tree, and a hawk has climbed into the tree and is trying to dislodge him.

Another picture shows a pharaoh in the shape of a rat drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms, but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle-axes, shields and bows and arrows.—St. Louis Republic.

An Elixir of Life.

"An annuity is the best elixir of life I know of," said the examining physician of an insurance company. "It sometimes means as if annuities never die. We have lots on our books who top eighty, ninety and even ninety-five years. I have passed many a sickly and decrepit old fellow as a good annuity risk—the sicker they are, you know, the better risk they make—and the next year he has turned up to collect his annuity rejuvenated, rosy, spry as a boy. The secret? The secret is that financial worry, fear of the poorhouse, ages and kills off more people than all the deadly diseases combined. Release an old man by means of an annuity from all this worry, and he throws off his years and walks erect and happy and fearlessly young."

Hatmaking in the East Indies.

The making of bamboo hats is one of the chief industries of the natives of the East Indies, and quite often the children are more expert than their mothers in weaving the strips together and forming the designs, their fingers being younger and more supple. In transporting the long stalks of bamboo to the factory the natives tie the ends of two stalks together, spread them apart a short distance forward of the center, tie a crosspiece between and carry them on their shoulders.—Popular Mechanics.

Soused.

Wife—My husband came home from the club last night with such a swelled head that I haven't been able to arouse him today. Neighbor—Why don't you try pouring a pitcher of water over his head? Wife—I did that very thing, but the only thing he did was to call out for an umbrella.—Fliegende Blätter.

Love Taps.

Mrs. Jawback—I suppose you consider your judgment far superior to mine. Mr. Jawback—No, my dear. We proved the contrary when we chose to marry each other.—Cleveland Leader.

No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule.—Goethe.

Women in Japan.

Like most oriental races, the Japanese regard women as the inferior sex, and the Japanese woman cheerfully indorses the doctrine. "I once," said a globe trotter, "sat down to dinner at a hotel in Vancouver where there was a Japanese waitress. With me at the table were two Canadian women; but, to my surprise, the waitress not only gave me priority in serving the meal, but was very particular in seeing that I had the largest portion of everything. I was rather puzzled until I remembered that in Japanese eyes I was, as a man, regarded as far more important than a woman and treated accordingly."

A Simple Reason.

Scientific Paper on a stroll—You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son. (To the coster) My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?

Coster—Cause I ain't a boss, yer old thickhead.—London Express.

Word of Caution.

"Never propose to a girl by letter."
"Why not?"
"I did it once, and she stuck the letter in a book she was reading and lent it to my other girl."

There are about twelve generations of flies a year, the sexes about equally divided, each female laying about 1,000 eggs.

Easily Satisfied.

A countryman who was "doing London" went to a concert hall and inquired the prices of seats.

"Front seats, 2 shillings; back, 1 shilling; programs, a penny," said the attendant.

"Oh, well, then," the visitor remarked blithely, "I'll take a program seat."

What He Meant.

"It's fortunate that Professor Langley has a cold tonight."
"What do you mean? If it hadn't been for the cold the professor would have sung."
"Yes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Badly Named.

There is a man in a midland town whose name is Burst. It is a misfortune that would not have attracted much attention if he had not called his two children Annie May and Ernest Will.—London Scraps.

Good Luck.

Mr. Buggins—A black cat came to our back fence last night. Mrs. Buggins—Did it bring you good luck? Mr. Buggins—That's what it did. I hit it the first time I fired.—Philadelphia Record.

Colors seen by candlelight will not look the same by day.—Mrs. Browning

Legal Notice.

Electa Shockey, whose place of residence is unknown, late of Highland County, Ohio, will take notice that on the 28th day of July, 1909, Homer Shockey filed his petition in the Common Pleas Court of Highland County, Ohio, in case No. 394, against the above named Electa Shockey, praying for a divorce on the grounds of gross neglect of duty.

Said cause will be for hearing on or after six weeks from this September 2, 1909, the date of this first publication.

JAMES A. WILKIN, Attorney.
HOMER SHOCKEY.

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5:35.....	6:30.....
7:25.....	7:25.....
9:25.....	9:25.....
10:25.....	10:25.....
12:25.....	11:25.....
2:25.....	12:25.....
4:25.....	2:25.....
6:25.....	4:25.....
8:12.....	6:25.....
Daily Except Sunday	7:35.....
	8:25.....

SIMON HIDER,

THE FLORIST.

For Your Flowers.

"Why is it nobody likes Smith?"
"Oh, he's one of these 'I told you so' fellows."
"How about Jones?"
"He's worse yet. He's one of the 'I could have told you if I'd wanted to' variety."—Pack.

The automobile demand in Mexico is shown to be on a steady increase. That the taxicab system has proved a success is shown by the fact that a number of new taxicabs for Mexico City are now en voyage, and it is the intention of the company operating them there to increase the number until they will form a formidable competition with the blue-band coaches.

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CINCINNATI, O.

Legal Notice.

Walter Knapp, whose place of residence is unknown, late of Hamilton county, Ohio, will take notice that on the 29th day of July, 1909, Ole Knapp filed his petition in the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton county, Ohio, in case No. 860 against the above named Walter Knapp, praying for divorce on the ground of gross neglect of duty and restoration to her maiden name of Ole Emery. Said cause will be for hearing on or after six weeks from the 15th day of August, 1909, the date of this first publication.

Ole Knapp, Plaintiff.
James A. Wilkins, Attorney.

Denatured alcohol has been successfully manufactured from flax straw at the North Dakota Agricultural college. The yield of 35 gallons a ton does not make it a paying proposition.

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